

The Critic

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WILLIAM BLAKE, POET AND PAINTER.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

If Blake was not a great master, he had in him certain elements that go to the making of one. Often these were beyond his own control. One does not need to be a painter or a poet to see, in his extraordinary work, that he frequently was the servant rather than the master; that he was swept away, like his own Elijah, by the horses and chariot of fire, and that when, like Paul, he reached the third heaven—whether he was in the body or out of it, he could not tell. This was not so at all times. The conception and execution of his "Job" are massive, powerful, sublime, maintained throughout the series. "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" is a wonderful, a fearlessly imaginative, production. But much of his labor with pen or pencil does not show that union of genius with method which declares the master. He does not always sit above the thunder; he is enrapt, whirled, trembling in the electric vortex of a cloud.

What is this, you say, but to be the more inspired? True, no man ever lived who had, at intervals, a more absolute revelation. He was obedient to the heavenly vision; but great masters, obeying it, find it in harmony with their own will and occasion. They have, moreover, the power to discern between false and foolish prophecies—between the monitions from a deity, and those from the limbo of dreams, delusions, and bewildered souls.

Did Blake see the apparitions he claimed to see? Did the heads of Edward and Wallace and the Man that built the Pyramids, rise at his bidding, like the phantoms summoned for Macbeth? I have no doubt of it. Neither, I think, will painters doubt it; for I suspect that they also have such visions,—they who are born with the sense that makes visible to the inward eye the aspect of forms and faces which they have imagined or composed, and with the faculty that retains them until the art of reproduction has done its service. We, who are not painters, at times see visions with our clouded eyes,—one face swiftly blotting out another, as if in mockery at our powerlessness to capture and depict them.

Men like Swedenborg and Blake, sensitive in every fibre and exalted by mysticism, accept as direct revelation the visions which other leaders understand to be the conceptions of their own faculty and utilize in the practice of their art.

One of Blake's masterly elements was individuality. His drawings are so original as to startle us; they seem like pictures from some new-discovered world, and require time for our just appreciation of their unique beauty, weirdness and power.

Another element was faith,—unbounded faith in his religion, his mission, and the way revealed to him. To say that he had faith is to say also that he believed in himself; for his ecstatic piety and reverence and his most glorious visions were the unconscious effluence of his own nature. And that a poet or an artist should have faith is most vital and essential. He cannot be a mere agnostic. The leaders have had various beliefs, but each has held fast to his own. Take the lowest grade of Shakspeare's convic-

tions: he believed in royalty and the divine right of kings. His kings, then, are chiefs indeed, hedged with divinity, and speaking in the kingliest diction of any language or time. If I were asked to name the most grievous thing in modern art, I should say it is the lack of some kind of faith. Doubt, distrust, the question, "What is the use?" make dim the canvas and burden many a lyre. The new faith looks to science and reign of law. Very well: these must breed its inspiration, as in time they will. But the processes of reason are slower than the childish instincts of an early and poetic age.

Blake had the true gift of expression; he was not merely learned, but inventive, in his methods of drawing, etching, and color. Here, and in his talks concerning art, he showed power and wisdom enough to equip a host of ordinary draughtsmen. He was mad, only in the sense that gave the Clown warrant for saying all Englishmen are mad; only when he left the field in which he was thoroughly grounded, for speculations in which he was self-trained and half-trained. It is useless, however, to wonder what such an one might have been; he was what he was, and as great as he could be. There is no gainsaying his marvellous and instant imagination. He saw not the sunrise, but an innumerable company of the angelic host, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty! Heaven and Hell are spirits, alike naked and alike clothed with beauty, rushing together in eternal love. Job and his friends are almost pre-Adamite in mold and visage. His daughters are, indeed, they of whom we are told, that there were not found others so fair in all the land. Jehovah himself came within Blake's vision; the dreamer walked, not only with sages and archangels and Titans, but with the very God.

Among his other qualities were a surprisingly delicate fancy, human tenderness and pity, industry and fertility in the extreme. He had ideas of right and government, and was grandly impatient of dulness and of hypocrisy in life or method. Finally, even his faults, and the grotesqueness which repeatedly brings his mark below the highest, add to the fascination that attends the revival and study of this artist. All that I say of his drawings applies in many respects to his rhymed and unrhymed verse. But his special gift was the draughtsman's. It would not be correct to say that he often hesitated with the pen, but never with the pencil, since, whether as an artist or as a maker of songs and "prophetic books," his product was bold and unstinted; but his grotesque errors are found more frequently in his poetry than in his designs, while his most original and exquisite range of verse is far below that attained by him in his works of outline and color.

These are the merest, the most fragmentary impressions of a man whom some have dismissed with a phrase, terming him a sublime madman, and concerning whom others,—poets and critics of a subtle and poetic type—have written essay upon essay, or deemed whole volumes too brief for their glowing studies of his genius. If he did not found a school, it may almost be said that a modern school has founded itself upon the new understanding of his modes and purpose. But in copying the external qualities of Blake, it does not follow that his self-elected pupils are animated by his genius, rapture, and undaunted faith.

Literature.

A New Life of Wordsworth.*

WE cannot commend too highly the spirit, tone, and literary execution of Mr. Myers' biography of Wordsworth. Thoroughly imbued with the reverent sympathy of a poet for a master of his art—nay, more, of an ardent disciple for his spiritual teacher, Mr. Myers fulfils his difficult task with unerring tact, discriminating judgment and praise-worthy skill. The absence of all personal gossip or trivial detail in the historical portions of the book, and of partisan zeal in the critical passages, is its highest negative merit, but one so rare and refreshing, that we take especial pleasure in dwelling upon it. The positive qualities of the biography are its admirable literary style, its comprehensive appreciation of the heights and limitations of Wordsworth's genius, and its lucid exposition of the poet's relations to nature, art and life. Mr. Myers has not found it necessary, in order to exalt his subject, to decry the illustrious contemporaries by whom Wordsworth was detracted and misunderstood. Above all, he has felt that the story of this life must be narrated not from without, but from within, and that its epochs are the advent of the seasons, the blossoming of a birch tree in spring, the reading of a poem of Virgil's. The meager facts which we derive from the volume have probably long been known to all its readers, and yet we venture to affirm that no one can rise from its perusal without a new and nobler image of the poet's life and character, and without a clearer and juster estimate of his moral and intellectual worth.

"The great fact of Wordsworth's life," Mr. Myers thinks, "is its felicity"—"its halcyon calm;" and the biographer makes it his purpose to prove that this serenity sprang in no wise, as is frequently supposed, from a lack of sensitiveness or passion on the part of the poet, still less from any singular combination of propitious circumstances, but from an inherent resolution and austerity of soul which seem to place true joy within the reach of all who rightly seek after it.

"It lay in a life which most men would have found austere and blank indeed; a life of poverty and retirement, of long apparent failure, and honor that came tardily at the close; it was a happiness nourished on no sacrifice of other men, on no eager appropriation of the goods of earth, but springing from a single eye and a loving spirit, and wrought from those primary emotions which are the innocent birthright of all."

Mr. Myers' literary criticisms are at the same time acute, dispassionate and sympathetic. We should need no more conclusive testimony than his remarks on "Poetic Diction" afford, to prove that he is himself a poet and an artist. However deeply he may revere the morality of Wordsworth's teachings, he clearly sees and defines the real charm of the poems,—a charm which correlates them with all true poetry whatever, and which consists, "humiliating as it may sound, in something quite independent of intellect or character," viz.: an evanescent gift of fine and subtle melody.

"For some twenty years at most (1798-1818) Wordsworth possessed this gift of melody. During these years he wrote works which profoundly influenced mankind. The gift then left him; he continued as wise and as earnest as ever, but his poems had no longer any potency, nor his existence much public importance."

Such a definition is a wonderful help toward the sifting of the chaff from the wheat, and moreover enables the most virulent opponents of Wordsworth's "school" of art and his strongest adherents to meet on common ground and enjoy his best work. It is no slight praise to say that Mr. Myers has told this story of a noble and elevated life, and has appreciated one of the highest and truest, if not widest and deepest, of English poets, in a style thoroughly in harmony with the dignity and purity of his theme.

* Wordsworth, by F. W. H. Myers (English Men of Letters Series). New York: Harper Bros., 1881.

Rambles Among the Hills.*

MR. LOUIS J. JENNINGS' long service in the ranks of militant journalism does not seem to have blunted his sense of natural beauty. The story of his wanderings among the South Downs and in the Peaks of Derbyshire has even more charms than his "Field Paths and Green Lanes." Mr. Jennings has the spirit of the classics of English rural life. One can imagine how gladly he could have wandered with Izaak Walton around Pike Pool, or ridden from Maidstone to Merryworth with sturdy Cobbett, whom he affects to repudiate as a guide. His style takes its tone from the surrounding landscape. It is crisp, sunny, and full of fresh air. If ever it is decked with flowers, the flowers are primroses and violets. Its simplicity is rare and studied, and leads the writer, by easiest transitions, from rustic gossip to historical record, and from the cottage to the castle. It seems to have disarmed the reserve of all whom Mr. Jennings met. A knife-grinder tells him more in five minutes than Canning could extract from all the guild; villagers talk to him of their boys who are fighting in African kraals; and a tribe of Bosnian gypsies, wandering through the fields with three big bears frankly put themselves under his protection. Each of his pages is a picture of still life. Herds of deer wander oves the velvet grass. The humming of a threshing-machinir reaches the ear from a distant farm. Swallows cleave theie way through the air. The tops of the hills look so clear and round that one might fancy they had just been shavenr and the green, winding vales may be traced even to the sea,

Nor does Mr. Jennings find within the manor-houses, less food for comment and reflection. He lingers over original Caxtons and illuminated missals. He criticises a four-post bedstead, bearing the inscription, "Rex Carolus, Anno Do., 1646;" turns the pages of Claude Lorraine's "Liber Veritatis," which the master sold for 200 scudi, and which could not be purchased now for \$150,000; and is sceptical about the tapestries which Mary Queen of Scots is said to have woven, and the dungeons in which she is said to have been confined. He passes with awe beneath the weird and ghostly portals of Bolsover Castle, and seems to step back suddenly into the shade of vanished centuries. Jackdaws hop from the mouldering windows, and starlings perch upon the ruined gates. Five flights of steps lead down to wildernesses of grass and weeds; winds howl through the vaults as though the guardian spirits of the place were wroth at the presence of a stranger; and our traveller is fain to turn his back on the haunted castle of "Peveril of the Peak," and make his way through Sherwood Forest, no longer ringing with the horn of Robin Hood, to the Duke of Portland's park at Welbeck. He passes the gate where Lord George Bentinck, the "Napoleon of the turf," was found lying dead upon his face, and relates, for the first time, a local legend that Lord George was one of the victims of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner. He explores the extraordinary tunnels and underground chambers on which the late duke expended \$10,000,000; and, with a sigh of relief, passes into the South Down villages, where the fat sheep are grazing and the wild thyme is mingling its perfume with the sea. This is not a book that will be hastily read and hastily thrown aside. It will draw many strangers to little-frequented regions, and will add to their lives the memory, not, as Mr. Jennings hopes, of one, but of many delightful days.

THE *North American*, published to-day, contains, in addition to Gen. Grant's views on the "Nicaragua Canal Project," an article on "The Pulpit and the Pew," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "Aaron's Rod in Politics," by Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand."

* Rambles Among the Hills, in the Peaks of Derbyshire and the South Downs. By Louis J. Jennings. [New York: Scribner & Welford.

Scotch Sermons.*

THE contents of this volume are twenty-three recent sermons by thirteen Scotch clergymen, of whom Dr. John Caird, of Glasgow, Dr. Allan Menzies, and Dr. William Knight, are perhaps the best known by name to our readers. But even in Scotch Protestant theology none of the names here represented are of the first note; and the reason is not far to seek. These writers are described in a prefatory paragraph as men "whose hope for the future lies not in alterations of ecclesiastical organization, but in a profounder apprehension of the essential ideas of Christianity." The characterization is noticeable for what it omits. A profounder apprehension of the dominant ideas of our time that are outside of theology, and even of Christianity; a clear perception of the countercurrent by which both are powerfully opposed—for these one will search in vain among these discourses: their authors are men, who, though cultivated in style and sentiment, not lacking in personal conviction, and logical after the manner of the Scotch, are yet unfamiliar with the intellectual movement of the time. What the present attitude of the "lay" mind in Great Britain toward theology may be; how far the mastering thought of Lamarck, for instance, as developed by Darwin and others, has transformed English thinking and American men, upon many questions of the highest speculative interest,—these are inquiries which need not, indeed, occupy the pastor speaking among his flock. But when he turns to address the world of readers, he is bound to know something of these questions, or his words will lose their weight. This is the fault of these sermons: they do not take account of the inevitable modern thoughts, they indeed recognize them only by chance mention of the current "destructive speculations." But it is only by taking seriously into account the inevitable modern thoughts that any writer upon theology can win a general hearing; by writing, for instance, as M. Renan in France, though he is in no sense, of course, a theologian in writing. It is to be added, that, measured by the local standard, these discourses have their value, representing, as they do, the work of cultivated men and men of character, while among the writers there are noticeable differences of style and of spirit. Dr. Caird's two sermons seem to us to contain the most of contemporaneous intellectual sympathy, while Dr. Cunningham has a simplicity which is quite of the old school. When he says (p. 55), "Every man knows that the only way to get on in the world is to be scrupulously observant of justice and truth," he reaches a height of ingenuousness that one will hardly find in the so-called Anglo-Saxon world outside of Scotland.

*Scotch Sermons, 1880. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1881. 12mo, pp. 345.

Wallace's Island Life.*

Mr. Wallace differs from many authorities in regard to the agencies, which in geological times have brought about the present order of things. He gives a geologic period, from the Cambrian to our own day, far less than that of Sir Charles Lyell or Sir William Thompson. He opposes the notion of the repeated submergence and upheavals of the continents to account for the geologic "chalk." He offers an able argument in favor of the theory that the cretaceous deposit was made in shallow seas, and is not composed almost entirely of the casts of the globigerina and foraminifera, and other minute forms, living either on the deep-sea bottom, or as pelagic forms whose shells sunk at the death of the living jelly within. A rhythmic recurrence of glacial epochs, due—according to Dr. Croll, whom he follows in this respect—to the lengthening out or eccentricity of the earth's orbit once in every 10,500 years, is the main cause to which he refers the phenomena.

The first part of the volume, which is devoted to a consideration of these physical and climatic conditions in geological and historical times, has, perhaps, a deeper interest for the general reader than the second part, which describes the continental and oceanic islands, and the reasons for similarity and diversity in their fauna and flora. The clear, manly, direct style in which the volume is written—free from technical language and unfamiliar modes of thought—gives to it something of the claim of Darwin's books. It is a crystal-clear medium through which the subject may be seen, almost untinged by the personality of the author.

Bryant's History.†

"Bancroft's History of the United States," the preparation of which was begun full half a century ago, is as yet unfinished, though the proof sheets of the last volume are now on the author's desk. "Bryant's History," on the other hand, of which the fourth and last volume has just been published, was

begun but six years since. It is not strange that there should be an essential difference between the two works. As a matter of fact, the dissimilarity is striking. If the elder chronicler would not see his masterpiece fall from the high position long since accorded it, he must devote his declining days to the task of revising it in the light of discoveries that have been made since the first few volumes left his hands. But Mr. Bryant's collaborator was not handicapped as Mr. Bancroft was, by distrust or ignorance of theories that have since been verified;

*"Island Life; or, The Phenomena and Causes of Insular Faunas and Floras, Including a Revision and Attempted Solution of the Problem of Geological Climates." By Alfred Russell Wallace, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1881.

†"A Popular History of the United States." By William Cullen Bryant and Sidney Howard Gay. Vol. IV. Fully illustrated. (Sold only by subscription.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1881.



REUNION OF SOUL AND BODY.

and the revision that his work will ultimately need, may be confined, perhaps, to those chapters that treat of events still of comparatively recent occurrence. It is not, for instance, the want of material, but the conflict of voluminous testimony, that makes anything like a definite history of the Rebellion an impossibility at the present day; and Mr. Gay admits his inability to do justice to the subject so long as the archives of the government remain unexplored, and the courts-martial still open that have been called since the close of the war. Mr. Gay concludes his last volume with the suspension of military operations in the spring of 1865. Soon after that date began the reconstruction of the Union—"a work badly begun, unwisely carried on, and, at the end of fifteen years, still unfinished."

Bryant's History, it may fairly be said, gives, with no waste of words, a picturesque narrative of the progress of civilization in America—a narrative so picturesque indeed, that it needed not the artist's and the engraver's aid to insure the popularity at which it aims.

Winter's Life of Brougham.*

"To all my friends I leave kind thoughts," wrote John Brougham, in his will, a few weeks before he died; and surely there never was a man who left a kindlier memory behind him than the "Gentleman from Ireland." The announcement, two or three years ago, that he was writing his autobiography was welcomed by all, and an entertaining and instructive addition to the long list of amusing and useful histrionic autobiographies was confidently anticipated. He died, alas! before he had made much progress in his task. He had written but four chapters, leaving himself on the threshold of his theatrical career. In addition to this fragment, and filling it out meagrely, Mr. Winter has been able to gather together certain disjointed matter which is fairly to be considered as autobiographical. These consist of a synopsis of his life, written in 1868 at Mr. Winter's request; the report of an interview with him, written by Mr. F. G. de Fontaine; a few brief entries from his diaries; and, finally, his will. It is to be regretted that the editor did not also include the long interview, full of anecdote and reminiscence, which (if we mistake not) appeared four or five years ago in the *Boston Courier*. After this more or less autobiographical portion comes a supplementary memoir by the editor, containing the two occasional poems which Mr. Winter wrote to be read at banquets given in compliment to Brougham; two obituary notices written by him, one for the *Tribune*, the other for *Harper's Weekly*; and a score or more pages of interesting jottings grouped together as "Recollections and Relics." A letter from Mr. Noah Brooks to the editor, describing "Brougham in his Club Life," comes next, and after reading it we turn back to the graceful and fitting dedication of this volume to "his old comrades of the Lotus Club—in whose society the cheeriest moments of his latter years were passed, and to whom his memory, endeared by associations of kindness, will always be precious." With this letter from Mr. Brooks, gentle and genial as the subject warrants, the biographical portion of the volume comes to an end. The remaining three hundred pages are filled with a selection of Brougham's writings in prose and verse, taken partly from the "Basket of Chips" and the "Bunsby Papers" (two volumes he had published more than a score of years ago), and partly from the uncollected matter written since these volumes were published. Mr. Winter tells us that Brougham had planned to make some such selection himself; but it may be doubted whether he could have done it with more loving care and keener critical acumen than the present editor has brought to the task.

There are a baker's dozen of stories, and nearly twice as many poems, grave and gay. Among the best of the pieces of verse is the fine "Hymn of Princes," which he contributed to the volume of "Lotus Leaves." In one of the

extracts from Brougham's diary is a note on the dire failure of "Spellbound" at Wallack's a season or two ago; while among the poems is an amusing bit of verse, in the style of the "Ingoldsby Legends," with many quips and quaint tricks of rhyme, giving an account of the plot of "Pauline"—the very successful play with which Mr. Dion Boucicault vamped up the very unsuccessful "Spellbound." Having thus brought together the two names of Mr. Dion Boucicault and John Brougham, it may be as well to say that the latter, in the synopsis of his life, written out twelve years ago for Mr. Winter, formally claimed the joint authorship of "London Assurance." We shall be glad to hear Mr. Boucicault's explanation of the claim he has hitherto made of being its sole author. Most readers, we imagine, will be rather astonished to find out that Brougham had written as many plays as are set down here and there in the course of his biography; they are probably at least a hundred in number, and the tale is incomplete, for we have looked in vain to see any mention of an adaptation of Scribe's five-act comedy ("Une Verre d'Eau"), which he told the present writer, half a dozen years ago, he had just finished.

Recent Fiction.

A STORY without the combination of a husband and a lover is not to be expected in French literature; but in the present instance the subject is treated unusually, and with delicacy. We are reconciled to the death, which at first seems the resource of an ordinary novelist, by the unexpected *dénouement* which follows; and although in style the form of autobiography is to be regretted—since one cannot approve of a wife's recording, even in a diary, her contempt for her husband—the book is less sentimental than its name, and, with the exception of a few singular phrases, has the merit, as a translation, of appearing in readable and reasonable English.

A true artist never makes his disagreeable people the *raison d'être* of his book. Even Tito Melema was drawn for the sake of the effect of his nature upon Romola's. Inferior novelists, however, often rely on the delineation of uncomfortable persons; perhaps from supposed opportunity to say trenchant things and make clever analyses.

Mrs. Linton's novel deals entirely with disagreeable people. We have never known such persons as Mrs. Bell Blount, and though the delineation may be true to the letter, we are tempted to remind the author of her heroine's words, when asked to smoke: "There are some things I would rather not learn!" The analysis is in the form of explanation, and each character is introduced with a lengthy, "He was a man who—," etc., etc. It is a society novel; nature is scarcely introduced even as a setting; and a summer-day is described merely as "a day which creates meetings abroad in the cooler hours, and invites male friends to drop in during the warmer ones; which necessitates fresh gowns and dainty hats." There is no plot; in the first half we are treated to a version of Cinderella, and in the last it is easy to foresee each stage of the drama. The style is pitifully lowered by its slang,—the slang, too, of the author, not merely of her characters.

The library of Mr. John La Farge, the artist, will be sold on Monday and Tuesday next (January 17th and 18th) by George A. Leavitt & Co. It is particularly rich in books relating to art, and contains, among other valuable works, a copy of the original edition of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and the "Stories of Venice," in three volumes, each bearing the author's autograph.

* Life, Stories, and Poems of John Brougham. Edited by William Winter. Boston: Jas. R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

† All Alone. From the French of Andre Theuriet. Appleton's Handy-Volume Series.

‡ The Rebel of the Family. By E. Lynn Linton. Franklin Square Library: Harper Brothers.

THE VISION OF NIMROD.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.*

No sun, no moon. Northward the star Orion,
The star of Nimrod, had the zenith won,
When from the waste the roaring of a lion
Boomed like the bursting of a signal gun.
They saw with fright the even dusk of night
Roll to a shape, black on the starlit heaven,
And lo! a lion of enormous might,
Shadowy, shaggy! From his jaws of ravin
Issued the awful sound
That shook the ground.

And as they gazed, speechless with mortal terror,
It took new form like ocean's clouds at morn;
The lion changed—that surely was no error
Which saw a bull shaking his dreadful horn?
But hardly of the new shape were they ware.
When the brute's head of him so fiercely charging
Turned human; a grave face with curling hair,
Its ordered locks on breast and back discharging,
Loomed through the dusky night
And stayed their flight.

Then, from the face, locked with a steadfast meaning
Upon their eyes, the shape took change and flow,
And lo! a giant on a war-club leaning,
Lifted on high, held the dark plain below.
Purple and golden on his stalwart shoulders
His garments lay, but spotted all and torn,
Like robe that long in royal cavern molders;
And round his neck upon a chain was worn,
Like a strange cross to see.
An amber key.

But all that coat, by tooth of time corroded,
Was full of eyes and little crescent moons
And peaches over-ripeness has exploded,
Pomegranates cloven by a score of noons.
The war-club whereupon his left hand rested
Was scaly like a pinecone huge in size;
Against those two his shadowy bulk he breasted,
And with his right hand pointed toward the skies.
Then in a voice of dead
Croaking, he said:

"Barbarians! Once, with sages of Chaldee,
I, Nimrod, watched upon a tower's back,
Marking the planets creep most cunningly
A pinnacle past, which sharply cut their track;
Methought this arm, that was all rigid grown
With following slow their motions wise and stealthy,
Grew boundless large, reached upward to yon sown
Broad field, the sky, with red ripe star-fruits wealthy,
Plucked and consumed them still
At my fair will!

"Twixt Kaf and Kaf, those hills that wall the world,
My body stretched, and from my heaving breast
The streams of breath, against the hard sky hurled,
Were turned to clouds that veered at my behest.
Anon the horizon with sharp white was lit,
And by that glare the veil of things was riven;
The door to strange new lands was suddenly split,
As if I, earth, had caught a glimpse of heaven.
I saw how great that bliss,
How petty this!

"That was the hour of evil fates descending;
From that strange night I was not merely man:
Where'er I marched crowds must be still attending
Me, the great midpoint of the earthly plan.
Euphrates was the life-blood of my heart;
Tigris a vein that throbbed with ceaseless motion;
In me the firs of Ararat had part,
And I was earth, air, fire, and boundless ocean!
Folly from that black day
Held me in sway.

"From Ur the town I marched with vainness blinded
And founded empires in the teeming plain;
Lured to revolt ten cities fickle-minded,
And dared the gods that could not save their slain.
I was their god. I was the lord of all—
Each step a new town or a plundered palace.
I drowned a land with break of water wall;
Repeopled it, when kindness grew from malice,
Who reckoneth all my crimes?
He falls who climbs.

"Of Babylon I made the stateliest city
The earth has yet upon its surface known.
Nation I fenced from nation without pity,
That all might wend toward Babylon alone.
Tribe might not trade with tribe, nor north with south,
But all must barter at my market centre;
Nor eastman speak with westman mouth to mouth
Unless they first within my limits enter.
Thur grew each tongue and art
Slowly apart.

"A vulture was my crest, with locust pinions;
Soon the unhappy tribes its meaning found.
No signs of life my warriors left. My minions
Seized, slew, burnt all or stamped into the ground.
Less wise, more fierce than Kush, my glorious father,
I heeded not the locusts' after-state:
They waste and rot, but the sick remnants gather
And seek bare heights ere that it prove too late.
Men, locusts-wheat or chaff—
The grim stars laugh.

"Among the peaks that round my fathers glistened
Men are more godlike, though their wealth be small.
Would to my guardian spirit I had listened
And turned me east, back to the world's great wall!
Then had I lived a life of hardy leisure,
With time to think, to govern well, and brood
On those high thoughts which form the only treasure
That is not time's or swift corruption's food:
Perhaps till these last days
I should have praise.

"But, spite of crimes, spite of my wealth and glory,
Of me what know ye, men of a puny age?
I am a rumor, an uncertain story,
A vanished smoke, a scarce-remembered page!
The angry peoples showed they could be kinder
To my great fame than after-following kings,
For hate still kept a little sour reminder
When every mark of me had taken wings.
Whate'er on brick I traced
My sons effaced.

"Yes, my own sons, for whom I bear these curses;
Melted my statues, overturned my grave,
Hammered from living rock the deep-hewn verses
That from oblivion my vast fame should save.
Thrice was this mass of brickwork, seamed with ravage,
All newly builded by succeeding kings
What of the rage of desert-dwelling savages?
From sons a treachery far deeper stings!
Every one hundredth year
Some man must hear—

"Must hear how they betrayed me, yes, and ponder
O'er my great crimes, my splendor and my fall;
How messengers from some great godhead yonder
In vain approach, Nimrod from sin to call.
I know not who he is, foretold by many,
For on my mind weighs a thick cloud of doubt,
Like fogs across these barren plains and fenny,
So fertile once, they laughed at want and drought.
List, though you shriek with fear,
Tremble, but hear!"

How can be told the terror and the quaking
Which on those lovers fell, when first they heard
The giant spectre his confession making
With many a groan and heart-confounding word?
But Gourred, in the warm embrace of Sayid,
Was first to dare and whisper him of cheer,
Whereat he, too, waxed firm and undismayed.
"Nimrod," he cried in accents bold and clear,
"Tell on, thou hapless ghost,
All thy great boast!"

The spectral limbs of him his lot complaining
Grew denser as to lesser size he shrank.
Then a rough voice to gentler accents training,
His centuried silence to those hearers frank
With joy he broke. Beneath his stark arms fluttered
The windy robes that foglike round him swept
Ever as still his ordered speech he uttered;
Thus, while the two closer together crept,
Fast, like a ship's blown sail,
Ran the strange tale.

* Chapter from an Oriental Romance. Advance Sheets, D. Appleton & Co.

The Critic.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 15, 1881.

In the second number of THE CRITIC will be published the first of a series of papers on Nature, by Walt Whitman, entitled "How I Get around at Sixty, and take Notes."

AT first the French papers translated the phrase to "boycott." More recently they have given it a place in the vernacular as *boycotter*,—a verb of the first conjugation.

MR. MACKAYE unquestionably has the sympathy of the public and of "the profession" in his quarrel with the Messrs. Mallory; yet if those play-goers who have hitherto found delight in "Hazel Kirke" still thirst for the milk-and-water served nightly on the double stage of the Madison Square Theatre, they would probably rather continue to go there to get it than fly to dairies that they know not of. Whatever may be the upshot of this action, Mr. Mackaye will be remembered in the history of the American stage, not so much for his advocacy of the Del Sarteian theory, as for his appeal to the courts to prevent his own play from running into its second year.

As a certain stigma attaches to American artists on account of the present illiberal and obstructive tariff on art works, it is gratifying to find the artists themselves heading a movement for the total abolition of this tariff. The following is the petition to be presented to Congress. Artists throughout the country who are interested in the movement are invited to have this petition copied, and after it is signed by all the artists and art-students in their neighborhood, they can send it either to the congressman who represents their district, or to the office of the CRITIC, whence it will be forwarded to those who have the matter in charge:

A PETITION TO CONGRESS FROM AMERICAN ARTISTS AND ART-STUDENTS.

Whereas, The United States of America is the only nation in the world whose legislation is hostile to the importation of works of art, notwithstanding that it is, at the same time, the only great nation of the world that has inherited from former times no works of native art; and *whereas*, we utterly disclaim the unprofessional and ignorant policy of the so-called "protection of home art" by means of the tariff, placing, as it does, the work of the artist in the same category with that of the mechanic and the manufacturer; and *whereas*, the free importation of photographs would greatly facilitate the study of art in America, not only in the community at large, but especially among the great number of art-students of limited means: therefore,

We, the undersigned artists and art-students of America—painters, sculptors, architects, designers, and engravers—do hereby petition Congress to abolish all duties upon all works of art, both ancient and modern, and upon photographs of, and casts from, works of art.

THERE are certain points of resemblance between the most successful Jew in England and the most successful Jewess in France. In the first place, each is a type, not of the highest qualities of a unique and noble race, but rather of those qualities of that race which have been developed by centuries of oppression and outrage. Each, in a different sphere, is a devotee of fortune, a looker after the main chance, and each has reached the topmost round of the ladder in their respective callings. The politician, by

tact and talent, leads his party in England; the actress, by talent and cleverness, leads the women of her profession in France. But, in addition to this, the actress pursues, unsuccessfully as an artist, but successfully as an advertiser, an art outside of her profession, while the politician also consents to come before the world in the conspicuous and paying character of a third-rate writer of romances. Both show in this common trait a lack of good sense, of personal dignity, and of self-respecting reticence astounding in persons of so much ability.

THE MORAL OF "ENDYMION."

A BOOK is just now being widely read in several countries, including our own, against whose teachings, so far as we know, no pulpit in New York or Montreal has sent out its thunders; and yet it is, we believe, wherever its precepts are hospitably entertained, one of the most demoralizing influences of the day—all the more dangerous, perhaps, because its doctrines are by no means grossly vicious, but subtly and spiritually undermining. In "Endymion" one is not offended by what are called impure suggestions, nor familiarized in any way with sensual vices. It is not the poison brought from France, denounced by Tennyson, but a poison brought from farther East, mixed with a sordid element derived from the thrifty Briton. Mental and moral selfishness have their apotheosis in this seductive and conscienceless romance. Every selfish impulse of our natures, every envious aspiration, all the worldly considerations and motives that good men strive to stamp out of their souls—all are here flattered, made respectable, desirable, successful. The moral of "Endymion" might be formulated in some such fashion as this: If, in this life, you have no higher consideration than the worldly advancement of yourself, your family, and your useful friends; if, while refraining generally from vulgar and conspicuous wickedness and fraud, you still pursue with singleness of purpose the most personal ends, not hesitating, indeed, if no other path lies open, to break through the trammels of a sacred oath; if you substitute, in everything, shows for realities, means for ends, pretence and intrigue for conviction, personal advancement for sincerely held principles, your own selfish interests for the good of the country—if you do all these things, then riches, honor and glory await you; a draft for twenty thousand pounds will come to you anonymously through the post; your first selfish marriage will be of great advantage to you; but when your wife or husband, or, for that matter, your patron, has outlived his or her usefulness to you, he or she will be at once stricken by disease, either suddenly or slowly fatal—whichever is most conducive to your earthly happiness. If you wish for, and in this way work for, riches, you will be a millionaire—for advancement in public life, you will be a Prime Minister. If you are a woman and ambitious, you will reach nobility or the throne—in all cases, finding no earthly honors won by selfish persistence hollow or unsatisfactory. All this is enforced, moreover, by the well-known fact that the book is in reality a confession of aims and means, by the most conspicuous living instance of the success of Tact, and is made palatable by a certain impression of amiability in the author—an impression weakened only by the venom of his caricature of a better wiser and greater man—the author of "Pendennis."

THE DATE OF FOREFATHERS' DAY.

BY SIDNEY HOWARD GAY.

For many years the New England Society of New York has commemorated the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth on the 22d of December, as the anniversary of that event. But the fact is, there was not on the corresponding day (old style) of December, in 1620, a white man within five-and-twenty miles of Plymouth harbor. A new society in Brooklyn, which held its first festive commemoration last month, determined to be true to the record, by adopting the 21st as the true date. The discrepancy was of interest enough to be the subject of comment in several speeches at both dinners, though none of the speakers took the trouble to explain it. As between the two days, the Brooklyn Society is right, and the New York Society has always been wrong. In this good-natured rivalry the younger society is ahead; but if the older wishes to retaliate, it may reply that the other should have justified its scholarship and made the correction complete. For, as to the actual event which both profess to commemorate, neither is in the right. The New York Society, it is said, intends to erect a monument in Central Park to the Pilgrim Fathers. Should it perpetuate the dates that have been adopted, it may be declared, with more seriousness than he felt who called the Rock a "Blarney Stone," that another monument "lifts its tall head and lies."

How came this double blunder to be committed? Clearly, as to the event—the landing of the Mayflower company at Plymouth—the mistake was fallen into by confounding two incidents: as to the supposed date—the 21st or 22d—of the mistaken event, it was simply a blunder of heedlessness. It was made originally at Plymouth by seven gentlemen, who, in 1769, formed a club, one object of which was, as they said, to commemorate "the landing of our worthy ancestors." This, accordingly, they did on the 22d of December of that year, establishing a precedent which has ever since been followed. It was a remarkable festival for that sober colonial time. The day was ushered in by the firing of a cannon and the hoisting of a silk flag made for the occasion. The club, with invited guests, assembled at 11 o'clock in the forenoon at a tavern, where a dinner—the first course of which was "a large baked Indian whortleberry pudding"—was served at 2:30 o'clock; at 4, the club, "headed by the steward carrying a folio volume of the laws of the old colony," marched hand-in-hand to the hall, where the townspeople received them with a salvo of firearms and with cheers, and the children of the grammar-school with singing. At sunset the cannon was again fired and the flag struck; then the hall was illuminated, and the evening was passed "in recapitulating and conversing upon the many and various advantages of our forefathers in the first settlement of this country, and the growth and increase of the same." Strange, that in all that "recapitulation and conversation," in one of the most intelligent and best-educated communities in Massachusetts—for Massachusetts then had several distinct communities of noteworthy people, and was not all a suburb of Boston—strange, that among so many persons thoroughly familiar with the subject, it should have occurred to nobody that this elaborate celebration was on the wrong day, and commemorated the wrong event.

It was not then quite twenty years since New Style was adopted by Act of Parliament, though it had been much longer in familiar use. One would sometimes date a letter, for example, prior to 1752, Dec. 11th, while in a legal document, the proper date would be Dec. 11th (old style). It seems hardly credible that a change so interesting as the transfer of the new year from March to January, and the dropping of a certain number of days from the year, should not have been thoroughly understood by all well-informed persons at the time of that change. Yet, the accepted

theory has been that these gentlemen of "The Old Colony Club" remembered that, to change old style to new style, the day of the month must be advanced eleven days in the eighteenth century, but forgot that the advance required in the previous century was only ten days. This does not seem probable in the discussion of a matter of so much interest to every man, woman and child in Plymouth, which these gentlemen of the Club had talked about for at least a year, and, indeed, had formed the Club for the special purpose of talking about. Is it not more probable that they made a mistake in a single day of the month one hundred and fifty years before—a day which had never then been familiarized by any observances—than that they should have blundered in the terms of a new computation of time which their own government, after a mature consideration of nearly two centuries, had concluded to accept?

It is not a violent assumption that the Club sought to fix, by the best authority, the day they proposed to commemorate. The one book which could be appealed to then as the best, was *Mourt's Relation*, published in London in 1622, and probably not so rare a hundred years ago, in the original edition, as it is now. Some of the principal men of the Mayflower's company left the ship at what is now Provincetown, to go upon a voyage of exploration along the coast, in search of a suitable place for settlement. The journal of this expedition, written, probably, by William Bradford, is contained in *The Relation*: "Wednesday the sixt of December wee set out," he wrote. On Friday night, the 8th, their boat was driven ashore in a severe storm upon what they found, next morning, to be an island, afterward called Clark's Island. Then the journal continues: "And here wee made our Randevous all that day, being Saturday, 10. of December, on the Sabboth day wee rested, and on Munday wee sounded the Harbour, and found it a uery good Harbour for our shipping, we marched also into the Land, & found divers corne fields, & little running brookes, a place very good for scituation, so we returned to our Ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts."

As there is no punctuation here to guide the reader, one, following the seeming construction of the sentence, would put a period after December, and read: "Here wee made our Randevous all that day, being Saturday, 10. of December. On the Sabboth day wee rested," etc. Even Dr. Young, in reprinting *Mourt's Relation* in his *Chronicles of The Pilgrims*, so punctuates the passage. It is a blunder, nevertheless; and if that learned historian fell into it, how easily might the Plymouth gentlemen in 1769 have been misled, if they turned to the passage—the only authentic one they could turn to—to verify the date they wanted.

Saturday was not the 10th of December, nor did the author of the journal mean to say it was. He had already written, "Wednesday the sixt day of December wee set out;" and as he goes on to relate subsequent occurrences, he refers—naming both the day of the week and the day of the month—to Friday, the 15th, Monday, the 18th, Thursday, the 21st, Monday, the 25th, to some of the intermediate and to following days. There is no confusion of dates in the journal. The proper construction is restored by proper punctuation. Put the period after Saturday, instead of after December, and we then read: "Here wee made our Randevous, all that day, being Saturday. 10. of December, on the Sabboth day wee rested; and on Munday we sounded the Harbour," etc. This gives the correct date, not only as other entries in the journal show, but as the reader may verify by making the calculation. The 10th of December, 1620, O. S., fell on Sunday; Monday, therefore, was the 11th, which, in the modern calendar, is the 21st of that month and year.

But what was it that really happened in Plymouth harbor on that 11th of December, 1620? It was not that which the New England Societies of our time celebrate over their whortleberry puddings.

LITERARY NOTES.

LAWRENCE OLIPHANT'S "Land of Gilead" will be published by D Appleton & Co. in February.

The *Nouvelle Revue* will shortly publish the correspondence of George Sand with Daniel Stern.

The new No-Name is called "Don John, a London Story of To-day," and is said to be by a well-known and popular author. We venture the guess in advance that it is by Jean Ingelow.

The library of Mr. A. Oakey Hall will be sold at auction next week by Bangs & Co., the sale to begin on Monday afternoon. In dramatic, legal, journalistic and local literature, the collection is particularly strong. Rare volumes, and autographic letters relating to plays and players, are alluded to in the catalogue.

Dr. Paul Broca has left behind him a considerable number of manuscripts, some of which will be published in the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, and an important work on the morphology of the brain.

Prof. Boyesen, of this city, has been engaged by the Lowell Institute, Boston, to deliver a course of lectures on the "Sage Literature of the North."

M. Taine has returned to Paris, bringing with him the third volume of his work on the "French Revolution." It will be called "La Conquete Jacobine." The volume will appear about the end of March.

The volume of selections of American poetry, edited by Epes Sargent, announced by the Messrs. Harper, will soon be published. Mr. Sargent had entirely finished his work some weeks before his death.

Mr. Bancroft is busily engaged in reading the proofs of the forthcoming volume of his history. His emendations are so numerous, however, that the publishers are unable to announce the date on which the book will appear.

Lieutenant Schwatka is diligently employed, while awaiting the recovery of his broken leg, in writing a narrative of his adventures in the Arctic regions on the occasion of his search for relics of the Franklin expedition. Harper Brothers will publish it.

There is known to be in existence a number of the personal letters that passed between Edgar Allan Poe and Mrs. Whitman, similar to those published in Ingram's last volume, but Mr. Stoddard has declined to edit, and Mr. Widdleton to publish, them.

The date of the publication of the second volume of Forney's "Recollections of Public Men" is postponed to the 25th, on which day Harper Brothers will also publish

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's "A Century of Dishonor," and Anthony Trollope's "Cicero."

Many unknown facts are coming to light about George Eliot. When she was at Venice with Mr. Cross, the latter is said to have lost all self-control, and to have thrown himself over a balcony into the lagoon. He was saved and confined in a private lunatic asylum.

Russian translators are hard at work on "Endymion." The daily newspaper, *Novoe Vremya*, has published the first installments of the novel in its *feuilleton*, and three other papers only failed to follow suit, because their copies of the work had been mislaid at the Censor's office.

Harper's Monthly for February is an exceptionally interesting number. The article most popular in its style is a sketch of "Social and Literary Boston," by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop. It is full of anecdotes and personal reminiscences. The illustrations are mainly of subjects not previously reproduced by the artist's pencil. A portrait of Emerson, cut by T. Cole, from a painting made some

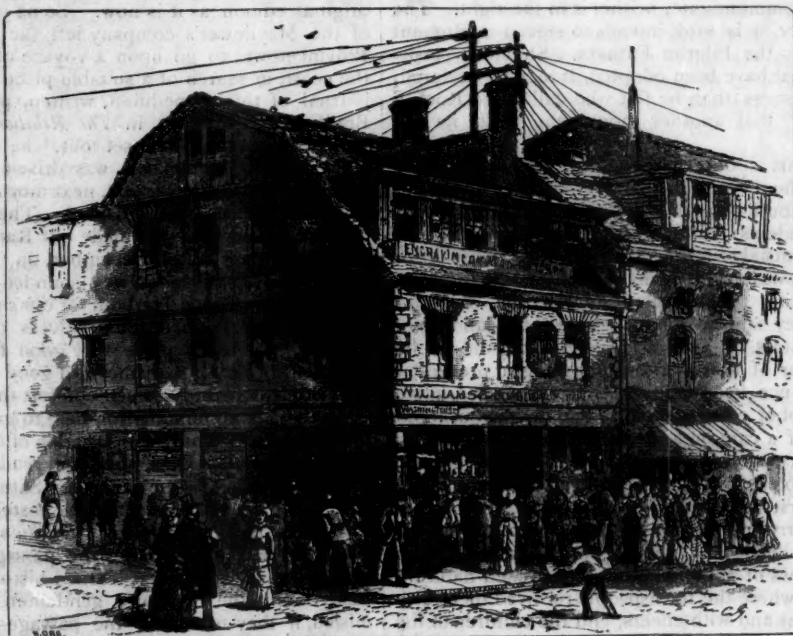
fifteen or twenty years ago, is admirable both as a likeness and as a specimen of the engraver's art. On this page we reproduce a picture of the Old Corner Bookstore, from this article.

The second volume of Kosuth's Memoirs, which has appeared at Pesth, has little political or literary interest. It is mainly concerned with an abortive Hungarian rising, which was planned by Cavour and supported by Victor Emanuel.

Cavour died, and the movement came to nothing.

The next volume in the series of Heroes of Christian History (A. C. Armstrong & Son), will be "Robert Hall," by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood.

In the forthcoming *Midwinter* Scribner, one of the chief points of interest will be the long, opening installment of Mrs. Burnett's "A Fair Barbarian," which, as has been announced, is reprinted from *Peterson's Magazine*,—a magazine with a different audience. A precedent for such republication is the fact that a certain modern Parisian novel ("Nana"), after having been printed first as a *feuilleton* in *Le Voltaire*, and secondly in book form (where it had reached a sale of forty thousand copies), was, thirdly, announced as the *feuilleton* of *Le Petit Journal*, a daily paper with a circulation of six hundred and fifty thousand. The same number will contain what is, strange to say, the first illustrated study of the work of John La Farge which has yet appeared. A paper of more than timely importance will be on "Norway's Constitutional Struggle," by the famous Norwegian poet, novelist, and patriot, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson.



OLD CORNER BOOK STORE, BOSTON. 1880.

*The Fine Arts.***The Historical Society's Paintings.**

DOES any one know exactly what the New York Historical Society possesses in the way of antiquities and paintings? Now and then a reporter penetrates to the upper floor of the building under the safe-conduct of a card from a member. Occasionally an enthusiastic amateur writes about the pictures to an art journal. But many of the old paintings are hung out of sight, others are without frames and half-concealed, others so dark that the subjects cannot be ascertained in all their details. The regular catalogue of the collections is an imperfect and brief guide; the voluminous catalogue of the paintings, by Mr. R. G. White, entirely out of date, and full of mistakes; even Mr. Bryan, the donor of the pictures, made some capital errors. For instance, he ascribed a hard, archaic Crucifixion, with gold background and a good deal of blood dripping from the cross, to Botticelli. The early Raphael is also a most problematical Raphael. One can hardly conceive of Raphael early enough in his career to allow of such bad posing, bad drawing, and flat color, as in the ancient double picture which Mr. Bryan bought for an early Raphael. Yet these are exceptional pictures; as a rule, Mr. Bryan appears to have been a careful and judicious buyer, seldom led away long by his enthusiasm, and, when he found himself mistaken, acknowledging frankly his error. To his enlightenment, perseverance and generosity, New York owes the finest nucleus for a gallery of the old masters which exists on this side of the Atlantic. Among the last words to his friends before his death on board the steamer while returning to America, were injunctions that some fifty pictures which he had got abroad, and which were on the vessel, should be handed over to the Society. The Historical has therefore a great trust to manage: how is it being attended to?

Poorly lighted, crowded, and suffering from the enforced arrangement, often badly damaged, and in some cases crudely restored, it is no wonder that the impression continues to obtain currency that the managers of the Historical Society are enacting the fable of the dog in the manger, and neither enjoy the pictures themselves, nor allow the public to see them freely and in good shape. This idea is the more prevalent, since the Metropolitan Museum of Art has made several moves to secure the collection, either on temporary or permanent loan, or outright, to add to its own gallery of Dutch and Flemish works. The facts, however, are misunderstood. The Historical Society had permission, long ago, to select a site in Central Park for a new building, which could accommodate all its collections. The plans were made by Mr. Richard Hunt and submitted to Mr. Andrew H. Green; they either found no favor in his eyes, or political events caused him continually to neglect them. The Society felt that it was a wrong principle to be in the position now occupied by the Metropolitan, namely, at the mercy of Park Commissioners. It has never availed itself of the bill passed at Albany to take the site in Central Park; and the Site Fund, which is one of three funds that are desired by the Society, is for the purpose of purchasing a site where there can be no interference by obstructive or corrupt officials.

Besides the Site Fund, the Historical Society wishes to raise a Permanent Fund for the every-day expenses of their collections, and to enlarge very greatly their Publication Fund, which at present is too small to be of any serious use to students of history. The resolve to ask no favors of the city has not worked to the advantage of the Society so far; yet, in the end, the wisdom of the policy must appear. Meanwhile, a beginning has been made toward the subscription to the Site Fund. Mr. Frederic de Peyster has promised \$10,000, and two other gentlemen, it is said, have pledged themselves for a like sum. Mr. Royal Phelps is on the Committee. This appears to be the position of the

Society in regard to an adequate building for its pictures. As to the offers of the Metropolitan, it is stated by the officers of the Society that, in accordance with the bequest from Mr. Bryan, of the old pictures, and from Mr. Abbot, of the Egyptian collection, these can neither be sold nor loaned. The Society is responsible for their presence in its building, and cannot part with them.

Volume 23 of L'Art.

It is not easy to fill the place of a man like the late Viollet le Duc, who to an intimate knowledge of art in various branches, added the spirit of research, and the researches themselves, of a savant. *L'Art* has not yet recovered from the blow. The editor, M. Eugène Veron, has a most acute and versatile mind and is, above all, bold enough to say what he believes without listening to the siren voice of interest. It may be thought at times that M. Veron writes for effect and assumes the position of attack from policy rather than conviction; but it is a gain that is not easy to be overestimated when the first artistic publication in the world shows that it is free from the influence of those who buy pictures, or sell them, and from the pressure of officials, who, as in France, often do more harm than good under the guise of patronizing the arts. The twenty-third volume does not show a very great variety of talent. Six of the main papers are by Paul Leroi, and six means just one quarter of the whole number. Of the eighteen others, two are by Charles Yriarte, the author of the magnificent work on Venice. Charles Tardieu has one paper, given in two numbers. It is on the collection of paintings belonging to M. Jules van Praet, of Brussels, minister and friend to Leopold I. The volume opens with a paper on the Carpaccios extant in the queer little church of the Dalmatians (*dei Schiavoni*) on a minor canal of Venice. It is by P. G. Molmenti, a Venetian who has made a name before this with his researches into the family records of his fellow townsmen. He takes Mr. Ruskin to task for the exaggerated ideas which the latter attributes to Carpaccio in "St. Mark's Rest," under the caption of "The Shrine of the Slaves." The painting by Carpaccio in the church built by the Slavons resident in Venice during her most brilliant epoch are most singular and suggestive. Molmenti finds but one passage of Ruskin on them which is good; the rest, he says, "is only a galimatias heavy and metaphysical in spirit." Like M. Tardieu, he will have no *metaphesies*. To make up for it, however, he admires extravagantly, to our thinking, the color of Carpaccio. "The critic does not look at the intelligent gradation of lines and planes, the beautiful contrast of light and shade, the choice of details, and the simplicity of the composition. No; he is looking for a great evangelical idea in the Venetian's picture, and comes near to seeing in it that ideal toward which the pathway of human perfectibility tends." This is *apropos* of Ruskin's remarks on the "Vocation of St. Matthew." The latter will probably be equally astonished to find what it is that M. Molmenti sees to admire in the dark canvasses in the ill-lighted chapel of the Slavons. Much space is given in this volume to the biography and work of Alfred G. Stevens, of Blandford, Dorsetshire, the maker of the best monument to Wellington that England can show. His works exhibit great versatility, and his sculptures a fine feeling for the massiveness and line in Michael Angelo. Italy claims a major place in the volume. Alessandro Lisini has an article on the Etruscan Museum in Florence, a most interesting collection, little visited by travelers, owing to the abundance of other and more striking art material in the wonderful city on the Arno. Germany has its part to play in "Nuremberg, in the Germanic Museum," and even the United States is remembered, in fine text, by the notes of Felix Regamey, on the teaching of drawing in this country.

* New York: J. W. Bouton.

The Drama.

THE Yule-tide feast which the theatres provided was substantially plain. "Forget-me Not" was its boar's head, and "Olivette" its woodcock pie. Both these dishes were served with skill; yet they lacked the zest which the epicure finds even in a homely plate of *beuillabaisse*. The spice of novelty which they wanted, Mr. Augustin Daly purposes to supply in the coming week. His new dish smacks of Oriental condiments, and will be presented as "Zanina, or the Rover of Cambaye." It is perfectly well known to be an ingenious adaptation of Genée's comic opera, "Nisida," which was performed a little while ago at the Thalia Theatre. In its primitive garb it was Cuban. It dealt with the exploits of a Havanese corregidor, a roving tenor, a vagabond soprano, a fillibuster in search of adventure, an impresario in search of a singer, and a duenna in search of a husband. It was picturesque with mantillas and musical with castanets, and after bringing its personages within gunshot of the Andean war, it finally swept them all away in a West Indian tornado.

Mr. Daly is nothing, if not a realist. Like Dore, he has collocation in his eye. For its photography of current events his stage is unsurpassed. He knows that the modern dramatist should deal, not with *lettres de cachet*, not with Bartholomew massacres, not with the Girondists, but with the scandals, the foibles, the politics, of to-day. He knows, too, that Cuba has no scandals, foibles, or politics. It has a few revolutions and a great many customs duties, and the dramatic interest of these is not overwhelming. But India, the scene of "Jessie Brown," of "The Sister's Penance," of "The Overland Route," has only once before been as vivid as now. For two years the echo of cannon has been coming from its highland passes; for two years it has been unfolding a panorama of battlemented castles, flashing scimitars, gorgeous turbans, and all the pride, pomp and circumstance of Italian opera; and this is no doubt the reason why Mr. Daly waved his magic wand of adaptation over the corregidor's palace in Havana and transplanted it to a site amid the antique splendors of Cambaye. The necessary changes in the characters are as easy to foresee as those in the old pantomimes, which used to designate them stately on the bills as "Prince Poppet, afterward Harlequin;" or "Giant Blunderbore, afterward Clown." The least experienced play-goer can readily reconstruct the German farce and people Mr. Daly's boards with rajahs, viziers, sepoy, thugs and dacoits, and see the heroine trip off as an Indian princess and dance in again as a Nautch girl.

These Nautch girls, indeed, whom Mr. Daly has for some time been keeping in dim recesses of his theatre, have been stirring the curiosity of the good people of New York. They have shared with Chang, the giant, the admiration that attaches to all foreign marvels; and when Chang lowered his stature by consenting to be interviewed, and by criticising his rival, Capt. Goschen, in a spirit scarcely befitting his exalted position, they were left quite alone in the field. There are many to whom the Nautch girl is the Alpha and Omega of Hindoo civilization, and who regard all Indian history as revolving on her toes. They have seen her in the operas, where she is known as a Bayadere, and whirls in short skirts under many-tinted lights. They have seen her in fantastic illustrations, dancing on the marble terrace of the Taj, at Agra, with moonlight gleaming on the palm-trees, and the sacred river rolling its waters at her feet. They are curious to know whether she will realize this ecstatic vision at Daly's Theatre. Their curiosity has been whetted, perhaps, by a little drama that was enacted last week in the room where the dancers are housed. For one of the Nautch girls paused for a few hours in her gyration and a baby was born. Again, a few hours, and the

baby was dead. Again, a few hours, and the mother had resumed her whirl. She had been married three years, and her age will shortly be thirteen.

Mr. Palmer's forthcoming production of "Diane," at the Union Square Theatre, is also attracting attention. It is by MM. D'Ennery and Bresil, who jointly wrote that excellent play, "L'Escamoteur," and it failed very dismally at the Ambigu. Its opening scene was laid at Pondicherry, in India, in the days when Dupleix was building monuments to the victories of the French, and Clive was compassing his overthrow in the fort of Arcot. It is the story of a somnambulist who murdered a young woman in his sleep, and whose son, witnessing the deed and knowing nothing of his father's infirmity, nearly went to the guillotine in his stead. M. D'Ennery believes that it failed because the audience was not in sympathy with its heroine; and the veteran's opinions can always command the attention of aspiring dramatists. He is a master of the "*ficelle*." In contriving and co-ordinating a series of melodramatic situations his technique is unsurpassed. But of that higher technique by which shades of character are distinguished, and which is also within the reach of the uninspired—the Sardous, Meilhac and Dumases of the French stage—M. Adolphe D'Ennery knows nothing at all. Yet Mr. Palmer has determined to rehabilitate his latest drama. He rehabilitated "Daniel Rochat," and made a great many æsthetic people believe that prolix sermon to be worthy of the saint of "La Famille Benoiton;" so that, during its run, a seat in the gallery was counted more edifying than a course of Rénan's lectures, and a seat in the parquet was a liberal education. Therefore, there is no reason to despair of "Diane."

The past week would have expired in a dead calm but for the irruption of wild beasts at Niblo's. Nothing more brilliant has been seen on the stage than the caravan of zebras and tigers, horses and camels, which is there nightly wending its way into the realms of the "Black Venus." Its guide is M. Adolphe Belot; and apart from the erotic proclivities of that extraordinary man, nobody who has seen "Le Testament de Cesar Girodot," "Article 47," or even "Miss Multon," can doubt that he has a fund of good work in him. The heroines of his romances belong to the pathological museums of literature, and here an honored place will be reserved for the "Venus Noire." Her splendid nudity is veiled in the play. An African Cleopatra, her dramatic opportunities give place to her use as the central figure of a brilliant spectacle, wherein mailed Amazons fight, and dusky beauties dance, and frenzied maidens drag themselves through the dust to kiss the feet of their queen, as she lies superbly on a lion's skin, a statue of animated bronze.

In which relation it may not be unseemly to mention the performance of Marie Geistinger, a German actress of some repute, who has appeared at the Thalia Theater in the "Grand Duchesse," in "Madame Favart," and in "Boccaccio." In the first play she occupies Schneider's ground, in the second Judic's, in the third her own. She is best in the third. In the bright lexicon of Germany there is no such word as *chic*, and the Grand Duchess was, before all things, *chic*. By that attribute alone she so endeared herself to Paris, that if, as is fabled, her antics laughed Queen Isabella out of Spain, they readily found her a home in France. She was a Parisienne of the Second Empire, half *grande dame*, half *cocotte*, and her qualities are about as easily caught on the stage as the dust which a butterfly shakes from its wings. Nobody but Schneider can play the "Grande Duchesse," and nobody but the incomparable Anna Judic can freight with true humor those cockleshells of melody which Offenbach too often launched in his later days. Mme. Marie Geistinger has a good voice and much practice of the boards, and her friends say that in "Phedre," a tragedy, by Racine, she entirely eclipses Rachel.

Music.

ONE of the most prominent musical critics of Germany, writing on the musical cultivation of various nations, has many kind words for this country. He goes so far even as to say that modern compositions—especially those of Berlioz and Liszt—are played more frequently here than in Germany, and he is unreserved in his praise of the cosmopolitan spirit with which we accept the important works of every epoch and school. Any one who takes the trouble to compare the programmes of our musical societies with those of the Leipzig Gewandhaus and other equally celebrated foreign orchestras will find this tribute to our liberal views no more than just. The best-known societies abroad are very conservative. The confession of their musical faith contains the names only of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Brahms. They consider Berlioz an evil spirit, with whom Wagner and Liszt are in league; and whenever the wind blows from Baireuth they smell sulphur.

Let us glance at the Philharmonic Society: The first concert of the season brought two great compositions belonging to entirely different schools—Beethoven's "Eroica" and the "Harald" symphony of Berlioz; one by the master of the classical epoch, the other by an *enfant terrible* of the conservative clique. The second concert was even more varied. Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, and Liszt were represented by characteristic works; Liszt, indeed, by one of his most ambitious compositions—the "Faust" symphony. This coming week's programme, by way of contrast, is more conservative. The orchestra will play Mozart's symphony in G minor, Schumann's symphony in C major, and the introduction to the third act of Cherubini's "Medea;" and Mr. George Henschel will sing arias by Handel and Weber. For the remaining performances of the season, Beethoven's ninth symphony and several novelties are in rehearsal.

Some years ago, when Theodore Thomas was called to Cincinnati, Dr. Damrosch organized the Symphony Society. Here it may be stated that he had already formed the Oratorio Society, so that, with this chorus at his command, he was able to add important choral works to his orchestral repertory. The seasons of the Symphony Society have been noticeable for the annual performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and the wonderful success with which it produced Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." The Society is now in its third season and seems firmly established. In arranging its programmes Dr. Damrosch has pursued a liberal policy. Its concerts this season have brought considerable variety. At the first concert we had Brahms's symphony in C minor, Beethoven's overture to Goethe's "Egmont" and Liszt's "Mazeppa." "The Damnation of Faust" was repeated at the second concert (and then again at the Academy of Music); and at the third concert, last week, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, Van Bronsart's "Spring Fantasy" (an interesting, though somewhat disjointed composition), and Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture were played by the orchestra. Wilhelmj was the soloist. He gave a most dignified and manly performance of Bruch's concerto and Bach's "Chaconne," adding, as an encore to the latter, Walther's "Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger."

Besides the large societies, we have several organizations for the performance of Chamber music. To attempt such concerts requires considerable zeal. Chamber music is so ethereal, so purely musical—lacking even the sheen of orchestral colors—that it appeals only to the most susceptible. All the more is honor due the musicians who have tried, and are trying now, to win sympathy for these beautiful compositions. The Philharmonic Club, which gives its concerts at Chickering Hall, is in its third season, and bids fair to become permanent. Its programmes

contain not only quartettes, quintettes and other works within the province of Chamber music, but also arrangements of celebrated piano pieces. Thus, at its concert last week, the Club played—in addition to a quartette by Raff and Schubert's "Forellen-Quintette"—arrangements from Schubert and Behr. A recent organization is the quartette of which Mr. Carl Feininger is the first violinist. This quartette performs only works which properly belong to Chamber music. At its second concert this week, the programme included Mozart's quartette in C major (No. 17), Schumann's quartette in E flat, and Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," played by Rafael Joseffy.

Mauricio Dengremont, a Brazilian violinist, who, though only fourteen years old, is ranked by European critics among the great artists, was to have made his American debut at Koster & Bial's, last week, but was too ill to perform. Some say his illness was brought on by too much snowballing, others by eating too much candy on New Year's Day. He had so far recovered by Monday last as to give a private performance in the afternoon, and on Tuesday evening he made his first public appearance here—playing De Beriot's seventh concerto; Sarasate's arrangement of Chopin's Nocturne, Opus 9, No. 2; a Song without Words, and the "Souvenir de Haydn." He was fully equal to the technical requirements of these compositions; his bowing was masterly and his tone strong. He is remarkable, not as a prodigy, but as an admirable artist. Such execution and, above all, such depth of feeling, in a boy of fourteen years, are startling. His stage presence is modest and unassuming; and he seems fully impressed with the dignity of his art. It is therefore probable that, unlike most of the players who have appeared in public at his age, he will continue to study conscientiously, and eventually take high rank.

The torpidity of our operatic managers is equalled only by the indifference of our opera-goers, who put up with the same repertory year after year. This indifference would be easy to understand if the works represented included the masterpieces of dramatic music; but it is incomprehensible, when we reflect that the repertory of Mr. Mapleson is about the same as that of our itinerant organ-grinders. From German operatic repertories we have much to learn, for there they give both Italian operas and operas by the great German and French composers—and this even in small cities. The only novelty given by Mr. Mapleson, this season, was "Mefistofele." "Lohengrin," it is said, will be introduced during the season which is to begin toward the close of next month. Otherwise, the repertory at the Academy will remain — as ever.

MISS KELLOGG has scored another success in St. Petersburg—this time in that rather old-fashioned opera, "Sémiramide," in which she is said to have looked and sung the rôle of the Queen with dignity and grace. At a fête, given recently in recognition of Prince Oldenberg's fifty years' devotion to the present Czar and his father, Miss Kellogg sang, at the invitation of the Prince, several of her favorite songs.

WALT WHITMAN writes of "The Poetry of the Future" in the February *North American*. "Science," he says, "having extirpated the old stock fables and superstition, is clearing a field for verse, for all the arts, and even for romance a hundred-fold ampler and more wonderful with the new principles behind. . . . Then only—for all the splendor and beauty of what has been, or the polish of what is—then only will the true poets appear, and the true poems."

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